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Strangers.

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Chapter 1 by Ilianna

The first time I saw him was in a coffee shop on Broadway. I'd only gone in with the intention of buying my usual and getting the hell out. If the coffee there wasn't so damn good I wouldn't even bother stepping foot in the place. I don't talk to people, I even try to not make eye contact. It's hard for me- being in public by myself. It's scary and I don't know what the hell could happen. And, thankfully so, nobody had ever approached me.

Not until now.

He had a boyish smile, almost cocky, but stood almost 6 feet tall. I on the other hand was a mere 5 foot 4, and quite petite for my age.

My blood ran cold when he approached me, said boyish smile still covering his undeniably handsome features. And those blue eyes, who could go wrong with those eyes? Jesus, why do I have to be so paranoid about everything?

Chapter 2 by eli



I was about to leave the coffee shop when he had stopped me and asked me to meet his eyes. He grinned at me with that same cocky, boyish smile.

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I said "Hi" back and he

twice,

three times in my head before I can process it completely. He used his full name- not just his first, like most people. Charming.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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